

# The Past Rising

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Summary: As an old foe rises, Hiccup, Toothless, and the rest of the gang set out to stop him. However, they come across something that will defy all knowledge on fire breathing reptiles. Is not mythically accurate.

## 1. Announcement

Hello again, if you are reading this than you will learn that this is a replacement of my first fanfic. If you like where the series is going, tell me via PM or review. I want to here everything. If I don't hear where it needs improvement, then how can I make it better? See ya in Chapter 1!

## 2. Chapter 1

\_six years ago, one year before the events of HTTYD 2\_

The boy coughed as he hauled himself onto the beach. The remains of the ship washing ashore around him. To his luck, he found a sword and shield still intact. Odin knows, he may very well need them. He looked up to see the moon blocked by a rapidly twisting cloud. Then the realization struck. It was a horde of dragons, possibly the biggest ever. He hurried into the forest, taking care to avoid being seen or smelt by the angry swarm above him. Then, he heard a roar that shattered the earth. The boy covered his ears, hoping he didn't go deaf. He knew plenty of dragons by call, but he had never heard anything like this before.

\_I'm a lunatic.\_

The boy rushed off into the forest, intent on tracking down the owner of the roar. He came across a battle of unrivalled ferocity. A massive, hulking form was swatting at the dragons with it's claws and tail, trying to drive them away. Every now and again, it's spines would begin to glow the color of lightning, before opening it's maw,

and unleashing a torrent of blue fire. The beast stood upright on two legs, had a long, muscled tail, and had arms that reached to it's lower chest. It's head was domed, with a large maw, a furrowed brow, and primal, yellow eyes. Flames from the dragons and this mysterious monster raged everywhere, and by that light, the boy could see a small group of creatures about his height, that resembled the larger creature.

\_babies\_.

The beast slew many a dragon, but in the end, it was overwhelmed. With a final roar, it collapsed to the ground, dead. The dragons roared in victory and attacked the babies, devouring them in seconds. They then turned and flew away, leaving the rotting carcass of the once mighty mother behind. A small knot of sadness clutched his heart. This beast had given it's life to save it's young, but it had died in vain. He walked out of the brush, approaching the body. He then walked to the skeletons of the young. His heart sunk. This could very well be the last of their species. Extinct. Then he looked up, as if by instinct, to see a large cavelike pit. He found something at the bottom. An egg. His face transformed from wonder to fright as a crack ran up the side. It was hatching. And it may very well be hungry. It pushed free from the egg, revealling a form much like the dead young outside. The boy noticed that it seemed to be having difficulty standing up, although it soon found it's footing. He took a slow step back. And to his amazing luck, he snapped a branch. The reptillian head swung to face him. It walked closer, making a sort of high pitched growling noise in it's throat. The boy backed up until he was at the slope. It moved closer, examining him. It seemed curious. Then, a roar pierced the air. The boy looked up to see a Changewing stalking closer to him, and the hatchling. It was hungry. The boy watched as it moved closer, opening it's jaws, and spreading it's claws. The hatchling made a squeaking sound. It sounded scared. A look of fear was in it's eyes. Then, it was as if he had a surge of electricity through him. He leapt forward before the dragon could react, and stabbed at it's jaw. The Changewing yelped in surprise and pain, and he wounded it's jaw. He swung again, and the dragon hopped backward. It looked into his eyes to see determined resolve. the kind that said he would not die until the hatchling was safe. It conceded that it could not win and flew off into the night. The boy felt something nuzzle his arm. The hatchling made a sort of purring sound.

\_I really am a lunatic. \_The boy thought. But he also knew that this young one wouldn't survive on it's own. For all he knew, it was the last of it's species. This meant that if the dragons or something else killed it, there would be no more. No species deserved that. It needed someone to protect it. It made it's squeaking sound again. It climbed out of the pit and went to a deep lake nearby. The boy didn't know how he didn't notice it earlier. It waited, then lunged at the water, emerging with a fish.

"Well, at least you can already support yourself."

He walked to the forest, and collected enough wood to make a shelter for the night. The hatchling continued to catch fish until it was full. It then curled up next to the boy and fell asleep.

\_Who would have guessed that I would become the guardian of this beast. I better get some shut eye. I have to establish a better

shelter tomorrow.\_

And so the boy and beast slept. and upon day break, a new adventure began.

\_Back to the present, five years after the battle for Berk.\_

Plenty had changed all those years ago. Losses and gains, victories and defeats, all of it. And to this day, Hiccup still hated getting up early.

"Ugh. I knew that being a chief would take getting used to, but this is ridiculous!"

Hiccup dragged himself down the stairs and quickly ate breakfast. Astrid wouldn't be up for several more minutes. Hiccup walked outside and found Toothless ready to go. At least he appreciated mornings.

"Cmon bud, we gotta go help Gobber at the saddle making shop."

The two inseperable friends quickly landed there to find it all opened up. Gobber as usual had Grump laying about in the forge to keep the fires stoked. Not that Grump kept them consistantly hot. He was too lazy to bother. Gobber was busy cutting out leather from patterns, and getting the saw going.

"Ah, the mighty chief of Berk graces us with his presence! What's on the agenda today?"

Hiccup ignored Gobber's remark and went to the list of numbers.

"To my knowledge, just helping you out with saddles today."

Gobber grunted his thanks and went to the forge to start crafting a frame.

"I think you forgot about Trader Johann coming to port today. Probably why you don't have any chiefting to do today."

Hiccup smiled. It would be good to see Johann again. After many days of doing his duties as chief, it was good to have a small break. Johann always brought wonder and color to Berk, even if his monologues about his 'grand adventures' were rather dull after two minutes. He continued to craft saddles throughout the day, thinking about what Johann would bring to Berk today when someone pressed the trigger for the dorsal fin that allowed him to steer when using his flight suit.

"Very funny. At this rate, I'm going to go through another set of tension thread."

Astrid just giggled.

"What can I say? It's worth your reaction."

Hiccup smiled and returned to work.

"What do you think Johann is bring to Berk this time?"

Astrid thought for a minute.

"I'm hoping for some new weapons. I need a new dagger."

Hiccup snorted.

"This is the third one in two months! How do you lose them so quickly?"

Astrid turned an eye towards one of the houses.

"I think training the Smokebreaths was a bad idea."

Hiccup sighed.

"Maybe, but mum and I will have that sorted soon. We're trying to get the Whispering Death's to dig up ore for Gobber, so that he can refine it and make it into sheets. That way, we can get the Smokebreaths to make their own nest in the hanger. Besides, I think the kids around town are doing it as a prank."

Astrid nodded.

"I did see them pointing at pieces of metal and the Smokebreaths going after it. We ought to have some dragons on the lookout for this."

Hiccup nodded.

"I'll have Toothless look into that, and I'll put it on the board."

Hiccup wrote a note down, and put it on his cheifing board. So far it was empty today.

"Hey, lass! Slept in today eh?"

"Hey Gobber. I've actually been up for a while. Stormfly's just been a bit on edge about something."

"Same with Meatlug."

The Hiccup and Astrid turned to see Fishlegs walking towards the group.

"Morning Legs, anything new?"

"Nothing. That may change when Johann gets here."

"Yeah."

Suddenly, shouts began to come from the docks.

"Either Johann's here, or there's a fight. C'mon Toothless! We better go!"

Hiccup and Toothless arrived in record speed. As it turned out, both theories were correct. There was a fight going on over who got a certain item Johann had brought. Mulch and Bucket were fighting over a brand new fishing net, made from the finest rope Berk had seen.

Hiccup tried to solve the problem, but no luck. In the end, both Toothless and Hiccup solved the problem. Toothless blasted the sky to get their attention, and Hiccup reminded them they worked on the same boat.

"Heheh, thats kinda emberassing."

"Don't forget it again."

The two viking fishermen departed with the net, and Hiccup turned to see Johann.

"Greetings master Hiccup! And what might you be interested in today?"

"Well, do you have any exotic metal or leather? Or perhaps a new dragon?"

Johann's ship had been vastly upgraded, and he had been taught how to train dragons. He had Started taking in small dragons like Terrors, Smokebreaths (Preferred to avoid these after the.. ahem... incident.), a new dragon called volt darters, which were somewhere between a Skrill and a Terror, and sometimes, baby dragons to bring to Berk. He always took pride in helping Berk, even if he had to keep them in metal cages.

"No new species, but I do have plenty of vlot flyers!"

Hiccup grinned.

"Perfect!"

He walked to the dock and pulled a rope. The rope rang a bell at the academy, which signalled Valka and Cloudjumper to swoop down to pick them up. They had no objections to having them in cages since Volt Flyers can be very testy at times. Snotlout and the twins helped bring the cages up, and soon Hiccup had also aquired some fresh ink and charcoal. He thanked Johann for his business and turned to leave when Johann grabbed his shoulders.

"I thought I best tell you. There have been rumors of mysterious sounds coming from an island far to the south. Also, there have been no sightings of dragons for a long time now. They live practically everywhere except that place. They also avoid it at all costs. there is the occasional lone dragon, but they sometimes never come back. No roars, no fire, nothing. It's as if they vanish."

Hiccup and Valka, who had landed just in time to hear all this, frowned. Dragons only avoided places that they were terrified above all else. If something other than Eel island scared them this much, than they needed to investigate. They both knew that if something could terrify a dragon that seriously, than it could be a threat to everyone.

"Gather the riders. We're heading out."

Johann provided them with a map, as well as the island's coordinates, and the group set off. Little did they know what awaited them.

The boy surveyed the island from atop the trees. The few dragons that

came here never stayed long, or never left. Only a single Skrill remained, and only because it had laid eggs. After some time, they developed a sort of understanding. The Skrill even started to bring them fish. The boy had grown considerably, now six feet tall. He had also recovered much of the wreckage from the ship and had not only survived, but thrived. He built a massive tree house with multiple structures connect by bridges, ladders, stairs, and slides. He figured that if he was to live here for a while, he might as well make it enjoyable. He also crafted a unique weapon. A staff like weapon with a sword blade on one end, and a hook on the other, with a spear head jutting out of the hook. Said hook had sharpened, serrated steel on the inside for extra grip and cutting, while the sword end was made for slashing and stabbing. The weapon could separate into two halves, each with one of the deadly tools on the end. He also crafted a long, narrow shield from a thick tree, which covered almost all of his arm. He trained and developed a unique fighting style, while also surveying the land for any dragons that might attack. He wasn't overly worried though. The Skrill was friendly and would help defend them, and the young beast had grown to be almost twenty five feet tall. And it was still growing. He discovered that it was able to breathe underwater, and was quite loyal. He discovered some old books that spoke of an ancient sea serpent called Gojira, so he named him something along the lines of that name. Godzilla. He jumped out of the tree, and used his weapon to maneuver down the branch to the shelter he had made for Godzilla. It was a large hole in the dirt, with smooth stones along the bottom and sides. It had a massive dome of wood around it, providing shelter from rain and other unpleasantness. He had also made the Skrill a shelter, along with smaller 'huts' for the young. The dragons always left during storms, to prevent the place from burning down. In the end, everyone was happy.

But nature knows that nothing can remain still. Things must eventually change. And change, they would.

### 3. Chapter 2

Hiccup and Toothless surveyed the land below them. They, along with the other riders, had been flying for three days, only stopping for meals and sleep. The island that the dragons avoided was about thirty minutes away according to the map.

Valka pulled along side Hiccup.

"Hiccup, what do you think this island has that makes the dragons want to avoid it so?"

Hiccup thought for a minute.

"The only thing I can think of is eels or a Death dragon, but I have a feeling it's something else entirely."

Astrid groaned.

"Is it just me, or is the air getting hotter the closer we get to this island?"

Hiccup realized she was right. The air was gradually heating up. For people from cooler climates, like vikings from Berk, this weather was

a bit uncomfortable.

"Yeah, best try to ignore it."

Then Toothless warbled something to Hiccup. He looked ahead to see the fuzzy outline of an island coming into view.

"Almost there gang, full speed ahead!"

All the dragons picked up speed, making for the island. However when they were about thirty meters from the island...

"Woah bud, calm down!"

Toothless had flaired his wings and was trying his hardest to avoid the place. Stormfly, Meatlug, Cloudjumper, and the other dragons did the same, trying to avoid the island at all costs.

"What's got them so scared?!"

Valka took out her staff and used it to help balance herself.

"Cloudjumper, calm down!"

After much hard work and lots of dragon nip, all the dragons calmed down enough to go to the island. They were still on edge though, constantly ready to run.

"Now, lets go find out why they're so scared."

The troupe walked into the forest, dragons in tow.

The boy stood atop the trees, cursing his luck. A group of dragons had just landed on the island, and appeared to have people on their backs. If they saw Godzilla, there was no telling what would happen. The Skrill poked its head out of its hut and yawned. The boy slid down the tree and went to check up on Godzilla. He was busy catching dinner. The boy had soon realized that Godzilla would eat all the fish in the lake if he didn't find a substitute. He had constructed a sort of wall that was hidden under the water down by the opposite beach. It had a gate that opened in one direction, and a net that ran underneath that ran along the bottom. He dumped all the guts of birds and other small game that he lived off of into the water, attracting fish to the enclosure. Once they were in, they couldn't get out. He would then pull on a rope, and haul the net to the surface once a week, carrying with it, a boat load of fish. This help provided Godzilla, the Skrill, and the young with enough food for long enough. They learned to not eat more than necessary.

"Now I have to drive off humans as well. It's bad enough that every dragon that comes here is intent on killing him, but at least the Skrill takes care of that, now humans that ride dragons?! I swear the gods have it in for me."

He turned and walked into the forest, hefting his staff and shield. He just hoped they didn't know of Godzilla. Otherwise, they wouldn't leave alive.

"Ugh, We've seen nothing but bugs and trees since we got here!"

Snotlout complained. Hiccup just groaned. Then Toothless spread his wings and bared his teeth. He swung his head around, looking for something. The other dragons began to react. Suddenly, an arrow struck the ground inches from Hiccup's artificial foot. Toothless swung his head to the spot it had come from and fired a plasma blast. The blast uncovered a bow attached to the tree with a rope hanging from the bowstring. Hiccup picked up the arrow.

"This doesn't match any sort of arrow I've seen, so it must have been made here. Something or someone doesn't want us here."

The group began to debate what their next course of action should be. Fishlegs, the twins and Snotlout thought that they should leave this island alone, but Hiccup, Astrid, and Valka wanted to find out what the dragons feared about this island was. So, they split into groups. Hiccup, Valka, and Astrid explored the interior of the forest, while the rest explored the beaches around the island.

"Man, I really wish those four would be brave. One arrow and they want to high tail it back to Berk."

Astrid snorted.

"I know. I almost wish they had left. It would be quicker."

Then, out of no where, small wood darts sliced through the air and pierced the dragon's hides, right in the shoulder. All the dragons roared in surprise, then collapsed to the ground. Everyone drew their weapons, ready to fight, but they were all knocked unconscious. A figure, wrapped in light, black material dragged them to his home nearby, and tied them up securely. He then proceeded to the dragons, which he simply tied up there. He used metal muzzles to keep their heads bound, and sat back, waiting for them to wake up.

"If the others follow, I'll take care of them quickly." He had a special pit nearby, filled with water. He could put the Monstrous Nightmare in there, keeping it from drowning, but unable to burst into flames. Soon, they were awake. He had taken anything they could use to get free. Nothing could get them out but his staff.

"Who are you, and why did you tie us up?"

The boy continued to sit back against the tree, his shield on his arm and his staff across his lap.

"You are not welcome here. You ignored my warnings. Now I will tell you again. Leave."

Hiccup laughed.

"We can't exactly do that without our dragons, or tied up."

Then Valka noticed something.

"Wait, where are the dragons!?"

The boy turned his head away.

"They are fine. Just a bit tied up at the moment."

The three riders breathed a sigh of relief. Then Astrid asked a question.

"Why do you want us off this island so badly? Whats so great about it?"

The boy glared at her.

"That secret stays with me. Dragons are not welcome here. There is an occasional exception, but not this time. Leave. Or else."

Hiccup's mind raced. This guy sounded serious. Deadly serious. Normally it was kill or be killed, but this wasn't the traditional slay on sight, this was they stay away or else. As if there was something to protect.

"You're guarding something aren't you. Some big secret that involves dragons."

It was now Hiccup's turn to be glared at.

"That knowledge is not yours to have. If you promise to leave, I will cut you loose. If not, then you and your dragons will never leave this island alive."

This boy had gone too far. He had now threatened his remaining family, and their dragons. They were taking him down. The boy got up and walked off into the woods, leaving them there. Hiccup noticed a sharp rock nearby. He reached for it, then began to cut the rope. As soon as he was free, he untied the ropes holding Astrid and Valka. They found their weapons nearby, and found their dragons even closer. As soon as they were free, they took to the air and began to follow the path the boy had taken. Soon he was in their sights.

The boy continued to trudge through the forest. He needed to get fish and water to keep the dragons alive until they decided to leave. Maybe he had been a bit harsh with them, but it was necessary. Godzilla had to remain a secret. Then he heard a whistling noise behind him. He turned to see the dragons and their riders bearing down on him.

\_I KNEW that I should have checked the surrounding area! Now I have to do something!\_

Before he could do anything though, a blast of lightning surged past him. The Skrill and it's young were attacking the riders and buying him time.

\_Fight well. I need to get him into the water!\_

The boy sprinted through the undergrowth and tore into the open plain. The Skeleton of the previous Godzilla and the fallen young still lay where they had before. He rushed to the lake, where Godzilla was napping in a sunbeam. He whistled loudly, causing Godzilla to wake up. The boy motioned to the water, and Godzilla climbed in, making as little noise as possible. The boy ran to the tallest tree (which held his house) and climbed to the very top. He could see the shadows of the dragons spiralling through the canopy. The Skrills had stopped shooting lightning bolts, so it must have meant that they had left. He stood his ground as they burst into the

clearing, watching them take in the scene.

Hiccup looked in awe at the landscape before him. A colossal skeleton lay on the ground, while what appeared to be several similar smaller skeletons laid nearby. And nearby, atop the tallest tree, stood the boy. His shield was raised, and his staff was held behind him.

"See before you the wrath of dragons!"

Hiccup looked at the skeleton again.

"You mean that this thing was killed by dragons!? Impossible!"

The boy shook his head.

"It was attacked in the dead of night, by a horde of dragons. Millions. It fought to protect it's home, but in the end it fell. The attack was not directed at this beast however!"

Hiccup looked back and cold dread filled him. The dragons had been after the smaller skeletons. Young.

"Dragons are unwelcome on this island! Find your friends and leave! I have defended this place for six years! I will not stop now!"

Hiccup thought about this. Why would he be guarding a pile of bones?

Valka on the other hand, jumped down onto the treetops, staff at the ready. The boy tossed his shield to the side, and twisted the staff. It separated into two halves, each wickedly deadly. She held her staff in front of her, shield in the other hand. The boy made the first move. He swung the hooked half of the staff around in a wide arc. Valka countered with her shield. However, he had been counting on this. The hook caught on the end of the shield, and he twisted it, throwing the shield off her arm. Now she was left with just her staff, and though she was formidable with it, the boy had two weapons at his disposal. Hiccup knew that he had to do something. He had Toothless go into a wild dive while he pulled out his sword. He spun it around and opened the gas cartridge. a simple click caused the explosion that threw the boy off the tree. He went into a dive, angling himself for the lake. He struck the lake straight on and disappeared.

"Quick! Into the lake!"

Toothless went into a dive and plunged into the water. Beneath the water, he saw the boy, motioning to get out of the water. Hiccup had Toothless go after him, but soon regretted his decision. A plume of bubbles erupted beneath the boy and a massive shape began to rise from the water. Hiccup and Toothless shot out of the water short seconds before a beast of unimaginable size crashed out of the water, the boy perched atop its head.

"LEAVE!"

Hiccup and Toothless bolted for the air, short seconds before a blast of blue fire shot past him. It was so hot, Hiccup's clothes were immediately steam-dried. Once he had turned around, he got a better look at the creature. It was a little over thirty feet tall, with a

muscled tail, longish arms, stood upright on two legs, and was very angry. Hiccup then realized.

"This thing is the same as that skeleton?!"

The boy only made a gesture.

"This is the last of their kind! Dragons seek to end their race. I witnessed the battle unfold and defended this one the moment it hatched! I will see it survive. If you leave now, the knowledge will go with you, it will find other ears, and they will seek to eradicate it! I will not let that happen so long as there is a breath left in me!"

Hiccup shook his thoughts off. This boy was obviously going to difficult to beat, especially if he had this creature on his side.

"Toothless, alpha roar!"

The alpha roar was something used to stop dragon quarrels. His standing as the alpha dragon gave him complete control over all dragons, minus the babies. Toothless gave out a loud, long roar, and was met by another blast of flame. This thing was clearly not a dragon.

"We have to attack from as many directions as possible! Now!"

The boy raised his staff and yelled:

"Into the water!"

The beast turned and dove into the lake, disappearing entirely. Hiccup was unsure of how long that thing could remain underwater, but the boy certainly couldn't stay under for more than a few minutes.

"Wait for them to resurface! We have to take them down!"

After several minutes, it became apparent that they were not coming up for air.

"We gotto go after them. Toothless, dive!"

Toothless and Hiccup plunged into the lake once again. Hiccup noticed several crystalline structures lining the walls, which reflected light down to the bottom of the lake. Hiccup also noticed what looked like several tunnels leading off from the bottom. He motioned for Toothless to enter the largest one, which was large enough for that oversized lizard to enter, and after several more agonizing seconds, they found an air pocket.

"So, this is how they stayed under for so long. I guess they decided to wait until we left. Fat chance."

"Indeed."

Hiccup whirled to see the boy standing there, his staff now one whole. He swung in front of him, gripping both ends.

"I tried to warn you before, but you would not take heed. Now you all

must perish, else his kind disappear forever."

Hiccup pulled out his sword, and unleashed the flaming blade.

"Toothless is probably the last of his species as well! You want to doom his king too?!"

The boy simply took up a stance.

"Then you understand my motives. But maybe we can come to an understanding."

Hiccup laughed.

"After all you've done, you think I'll just talk this through?! This island's driven you insane!"

The boy shook his head.

"You said that your dragon is possibly the last of his kind too. Would you protect him to see his species go on?"

This question caught Hiccup off guard.

"Of course! Why would you ask me that?!"

"Because I fight for the same reason. I fight to ensure that his species goes on, regardless of the risk to myself. I did not pick this fight. You chose to stay here, and now there are consequences."

All this time, they circled each other. Toothless stayed off to one side, ready to intervene at a moment's notice. Hiccup darted forward, swinging the weapon around for a left slash. The boy countered with a upward swing, knocking the weapon skyward. He then kicked out Hiccup's legs and brought the sword blade to Hiccup's throat. Toothless roared and prepared to attack.

"Don't. I can still cause fatal damage before you attack. Besides, if I die, Godzilla won't be very happy."

Toothless backed away, but kept growling. Then, to Hiccup's surprise, the boy lifted the weapon from his throat.

"You and I are far more alike than you realize. The dragon's loyalty to you is quite great. However, the question remains as to whether or not you can keep a secret."

Hiccup gaped at the boy. He thought for sure he was going to kill him or Toothless. Or both. But instead, he was trying to come up with an alternate solution.

"I don't get it! One second you're trying to kill me, and the next you're acting like we're just having a debate over mead!"

The boy shrugged.

"Could be that I've had no human interaction for six years, could be that I don't want to doom another species to save another, could be

just because I feel like it. Pick a reason. But I ask you again. Can you and your friends keep a secret?"

Hiccup thought for a minute.

"We'll do our best."

The boy huffed.

"I guess I can't ask for more. You can leave. There is a thermal patch that triggers every two minutes. It'll accelerate your trip to the top. Once there, tell them of what transpired here. Then leave. I have enough trouble as it is, keeping him out of the spotlight."

Hiccup nodded and walked over to Toothless. He climbed into the saddle and they once again plunged into the water. The boy was right. They were on their way up, when a jet of hot water pushed them upwards and straight to the surface. Astrid came rushing over.

"Thank the gods, I thought you were dead!"

Hiccup got up and had shook his head.

"There was a cave system down there. I found him hiding in it. He almost killed me, but then decided not to deal the final blow. After a trying conversation, we came to an agreement. We leave here and never speak of what happened here. I need both of you to never tell anyone what happened here. That creature is in a similar position to Toothless. He may have attacked us, but his motives are just."

Valka and Astrid nodded silently. If this creature was indeed the last of it's kind, then they needed to protect it. That also meant keeping it secret from the others.

Speaking of the others, they had been circling the island for an hour and a half, trying to come up with a good excuse to leave. When they saw three dragons rising from the forest, they made a bee line for them and begged to go home. However, they would not be able to do so for a good while. Hiccup saw thunderheads moving in. Big ones.

"It'll be too hazardous to go now, we'll have to stay the night."

The others reluctantly agreed. However, they needed somewhere to stay.

"I'll go back and see what I can do."

Fishlegs suddenly became curious.

"What'll going back accomplish. Your acting like you need permission to stay here."

Hiccup groaned.

"I'm not going to tell you what happened in there Fishlegs, because if I do, you will never sleep again."

Fishlegs shut his mouth there. Hiccup wheeled Toothless around and flew back into the dense trees. Sure enough, the boy was near the lake. He turned his head up in surprise when he saw them touching down.

"There's thunderheads moving in. We can't leave the island until the storm passes."

The boy pinched his nose and shook his head.

"Very well. I'll have Godzilla return to the cave and you all can spend the night at my house. Try to keep what transpired a secret. But I want you away from this clearing by morning. Godzilla gets restless if he's been cooped up for too long. I'm talking burn-down-surrounding-vegetation restless. He has to be in the fresh air by late dawn. I don't care if you have to poke them with a knife, but make sure everyone is out of there before I get Godzilla into the open."

Hiccup nodded.

"You named it Godzilla?"

The boy nodded.

"After the sea serpent Gojira."

"Ah."

Hiccup flew back and told the rest of them the news. He kept all mention of Godzilla to non-existent. Soon, they were all inside the boy's "sitting room" enjoying some roasted fish with some special seasoning that grew on the island. They talked long into the night and Fishlegs asked a few questions about the skeleton outside. The boy merely said it was a relic of the past, neglecting to say the semi recent past. Then Hiccup realized something.

"Never caught your name. Mine's Hiccup. This is Astrid, Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and my mother Valka."

The boy shrugged.

"I never really knew my name. I was orphaned young when a man leading an army slaughtered everyone in my village. You will eventually forget it if no one calls you by it for a decade and a half. Or at least I did."

It all came flooding back. He saw warriors running to and fro, spears, swords and axes clashing together. But then came something he had forgotten. Armored dragons flew forth, burning everything and ripping everyone limb from limb. At the center of the flames a man stood there. He had a lopsided smile, cruel eyes, and a black cloak. He held a long iron staff in one hand, with a hook and harpoon on the end. He bellowed and smote warrior after warrior aside. Until he laid eyes on the young boy, who stood defiant against the oncoming assault. He admired his courage. He couldn't be a year older than four, and here he was staring death in the eyes with a warrior's nerve. Then the air became cold. A massive shape rose from the water, short seconds before everything was covered with ice. The boy had

escaped by using a shield and the surrounding terrain to avoid being frozen solid. He remained absolutely still. They would be checking for survivors. If they heard him, he was finished.

"Hey, you alright?"

The boy shook his head as he snapped back to reality.

"I'm fine. Just tired."

Hiccup nodded.

"We should hit the sack to."

The boy guided them all to their rooms. All in their own separate 'huts', yet still close enough to talk. Even the dragons had a place to sleep. Though he made it clear, "No fire. I don't want to rebuild three years of work tomorrow".

The next day, all the clouds had blown over. The storm was done. The house was designed to resist all sorts of wind. Everything held throughout the pounding rain, and the raging winds.

"Well, I guess this is goodbye. Thanks for your hospitality."

The boy shrugged.

"I needed some company. If it's absolutely necessary, you can come find me here."

The riders thanked him again, then took off for home. The boy watched them go.

"Alright you overgrown iguana, you can come get breakfast!"

Godzilla crawled out of the lake almost immediately. He snorted impatiently and began lumbering over to where the fish pen was located. The boy jogged behind and quickly found Godzilla laying down in the sun, next to the pit. The boy pulled on a few ropes and the net began to rise. Soon the beach was covered with fish. Godzilla immediately began eating, consuming over half the fish. The Skrill soon arrived, and ate their fill. The boy loaded the remaining fish into a large bag of sorts and whistled for Godzilla to lower his head. The boy climbed on top of its snout and moved back to the bridge of Godzilla's nose. Godzilla walked back through the trees to the house, where the boy deposited the fish in his stores.

"I have a feeling that we'll be seeing Hiccup and his friends in the coming years."

Meanwhile, Hiccup and the other riders were winging their way towards Berk. They couldn't stop thinking about what had happened that had left a boy nameless.

"He's been on his own for that long? How did he survive?"

Hiccup thought about Valka's question.

"I would guess that he learns fast. How else did he make a house that size that can withstand the mightiest of storms?"

"Uh, he had help maybe?"

Hiccup groaned. Of course the twins asked the question.

"What kind of help would a deserted island provide?"

The twins shut up there. Hiccup was surprised. Had they actually gotten smarter? Indeed this island had changed them all.

#### 4. Chapter 3

**\*\*Greetings all who can put up with how scattered the updates are! I may not be able to post for a long time due to laziness and some "Quality family time in nature". Don't get me wrong, I actually am looking forward to it, but hey. I do need to keep writing don't I?\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, enjoy!\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>"Your absolutely sure of it?"<p>

The tall, yet slim figure glared at the groveling man at her feet.

"Absolutely, excellency. It definitely is a toxin to reptiles."

The figure smiled malcontently. She had jet black hair, dark eyes, and was dressed in jet black armor. Chain mail, steel, even the crossguard, pommel, and grip were black. The blade of her sword was made from the bone of a Red Death, double edged and serrated for maximum pain when stabbing. A long, bellowing cape of Dragon skin hung from her shoulders. Her skin was a luminous pale from years spent in the northern regions and was branded with the sigil of Drago Bludvist over her heart.

"Very well. I want it ground into dust and made into a projectile. This weapon will be the deciding factor in my revenge."

The insignificant worm bowed and scraped even more.

"Of course, your majesty. We will not fail you."

"You had best pray so, for failure will see you face my wrath."

He grovelled even more, if possible, and left the room. The figure walked back, and sat upon a throne behind her. She thought back to when these events had started. It was back in that old village. People refused to see possibility. Too wrapped up in tradition and defence of the tribe. Unwilling to expand and conquer. Unwilling to bend the most vicious of beasts to their will. Even though she had been young, she knew what she knew now. That conquest was the future. Then he came. The greatest leader she had ever laid eyes on. He led his army with an iron fist, and unflinching resolve. He even led dragons. Soon, her village had been removed from the world, and there she stood, the only remained member of her tribe. She decided she wanted to join their ranks. She walked straight to their leader, who

laughed.

"So young, yet she has wisdom beyond her years! You wish to join our ranks? Then it is done!"

She was taught the ways of combat, how to control dragons, how to rule. She became known as the hand of the conquerer. Her combat skills were the stuff of nightmares, her iron grip over those she led was unbreakable. And most of all, her ruthlessness made even the mightiest of warriors quail beneath her gaze. Then came the day. She was sent on an assignment to conquer a land to the far west. She was provided with half of the armada to do so. She led her army to victory many times and in the end, conquered an entire country. Then, several weeks after her great victory, the rest of her mentor's army arrived. He was weak and ill. He told her of an island of dragon riders who defeated them. The leader of the riders was the son of a chief he had attempted to kill many years ago and rode a Night Fury. Within a fortnight, he passed away. The Bewilderbeast however, was still under his control and after he died, that control passed to her. She was wracked with sorrow, until the realization dawned on her. The leader of these dragon riders had killed him! He was the one who gave shape to her dreams, who gave her purpose. And now he was dead by the hand of this "dragon rider" and his pet Night Fury. She swore she would have revenge for that day. And soon, that vengeance would be reaped.

:\_Meanwhile on a southern island\_:

The nameless boy stood on the balcony that overlook the sea of green. Much had changed since his encounter with Hiccup and his group of dragons riders five years ago. For one, Godzilla had undergone a massive growth spurt. He was now over ninety meters tall! The boy was becoming worried about the amount of fish it would take to feed him, but it turned out that fish was a half of his diet. There was a large stone in the center of the island's volcanic crater. This stone emitted waves of green energy which Godzilla could use as a food source. He balanced this energy with his original fish diet to take plenty of strain off the food situation. The boy slid down the tree and went to see his reptilian friend. Godzilla was curled up near the skeleton of it's mother. Each time the boy saw it, he was reminded of why he was here. He was here to ensure that Godzilla was not the last of his species, or make sure that he lived a full life. Sometimes though, it wasn't clear who the protector was. The boy had saved Godzilla many times when it was still a hatchling, but as he grew, he began to protect the boy from wild animals and from dragons that were too persistent.

"Hey Volt! I'm getting the fish ready!"

Volt was the name of a Skrill that lived on the island. When she first came here, the boy tried to drive her off. But after realizing that she came here to lay her eggs, he tolerated her staying here. He did not however, let Volt or her hatchlings get anywhere within twenty meters of Godzilla. It was for all their sakes. After a while, they developed a sort of symbiotic relationship. Volt brought them fish and helped defend the island from intruders, while the boy created a living space for the dragon family. After a few months, they became part of the scenery. Volt and her family followed the boy down to his fish pen. After pulling the load of fish out of the pen, the dragons ate their fill and went for a flight. Godzilla in the

meantime went for a swim. He never strayed far from the island and was never gone for more than a few hours. He mainly explored the lower depths of the ocean. The boy wanted to go travelling with his scaly companion, but he wasn't in a rush.

At the moment, Godzilla was swimming along the seabed. He passed several marine dragons, but they gave him a wide berth. Then, he sensed something. He looked above him to see several shapes pass over, blocking out the light. He waited until they passed, then decided to return home.

:\_Off to Berk:\_

Hiccup and Astrid were seated on a cliff overlooking the sea. Toothless and Stormfly were busy with a tug of war.

"Been a long time since we could just sit together without your duties as chief interrupting."

Hiccup nodded. It had been a long time. His chieftaining had gotten in the way of lots of his favorite activities, like flying with Toothless for the sake of fun, running the academy, all of that. In fact, the last time he had been able to take a flight with Toothless and the rest of the gang was almost five years ago, when they went to that southern island and met a strange boy with an even stranger secret. They had sworn to keep that secret, and had done so for five years. It helped that the twins, Snotlout, and Fishlegs didn't know.

"Yeah.. I just can't shake the feeling that somethings wrong."

Astrid huffed and kissed him on the cheek.

"You need to stop with all that negative talk. It'll go to your head!"

Unbeknownst to our lovely couple, a small ship had just snuck around to a secluded beach on the far side of Berk. Inside were two people dressed in tight, forest green leather armor.

"We do this quick and do not fail. If we fail her, we may as well slit our own throats."

The two figures darted off into the night. Each carried a pack filled with small orbs. They snuck around Berk, placing these small spheres at certain points on the island. Once they were done, they fed a line back to the boat. the line was seperated into hundreds of strands, each of which connected to a sphere. Once they had finished, they pulled the line and all the spheres exploded, emmiting a blue gas everywhere. Hiccup and Astrid noticed of course and flew back to the village as fast as possible. What awaited them however was horrifying. Everywhere they looked, dragons were collapsing.

"Hiccup, whats happening?!"

Hiccup then realized that both Stormfly and Toothless had passed out. Even if the vikings were coughing, the dragons were reacting heavily to this. It was almost as if they were allergic to it.

"This mist! It must be made from Blue Oleanders! That's why it's making them so sick!"

Astrid coughed and managed to get a few words out.

"But how did this mist get here in the first place?!"

"I don't know, but we need a Scauldron fast!"

Unfortunately, the Scauldrons had left the area for some reason. It seemed rather "convenient" to Hiccup, that the one thing that could cure poisoning from the Blue Oleander was nowhere in the area. Even if they did have a Scauldron on hand, besides Scauldy who was visiting Ruffnut, Gobber was getting old and they didn't trust him to be able to make an antidote from its venom. Scauldy was one dragon and couldn't produce enough venom to cure all the dragons on Berk. They had only a few options.

"Get Scauldy! If we can get enough venom to cure enough dragons, we can send them to find more Scauldrons."

After several minutes of coughing, draining, and praying, they managed to cure several Terrors. Toothless managed to give them a weak command to summon the Scauldrons. However, one was sent with a note, instructed to ignore its fear, and to bring help. Hiccup knew that someone had deliberately caused this gas to appear. Only a select few knew about this almost universal weakness that dragons had. He had sent the other Terrors with notes, with instructions to track down a one individual per dragon.

"Fly fast little guys. Gods know we're gonna need it."

The Terrors hurtled through the air, searching for their quarry. Four Terrors went to find the people whose notes they were addressed to, while the last three went to find Scauldrons. The first Terror was en route to a rocky island that used to be avoided at all costs. The second flew west to find a large, double sailed ship. The third Terror found a smaller, single sailed ship. And the final one flew south. Far to the south.

Hiccup brought Toothless into the house, where there was no gas to make him even more sick. Scauldy had produced a few small drops of venom to counteract the poison and buy the rider's dragons some more time. But if they didn't get more Scauldrons, then the dragons were doomed. Every day, people hoped and prayed for deliverance from their crisis. In the end, fate decided things would get worse before better.

It was two weeks into this, and the dragons had been kept alive on the few drops of Scauldron venom available. As it turned out, water helped too, washing small amounts of the toxin out of the dragons' bodies. However, they were still too weak to move, and the vikings had to help the dragons eat and drink to stay alive. So when they saw a ship on the horizon, they thought they were saved. But then there was another. And another. and dozens more following. Each ship was large enough to house half of Berk, and had ten cannons on either side. The ships were not designed to look fascinating or elegant, but to be brutal engines of war. But what shook everyone was terrified of was the sigil it bore. The sigil of Drago Bludvist. The same man

who had forced Toothless to kill Stoick and brought Berk to it's knees before Hiccup and the others returned to challenge him.

A large man, dressed in armor made from steel and dragon scales stepped to the prow of the leading ship. He had a long halberd in one hand, a shield in the other, and a massive longbow on his back. He surveyed the island and it's inhabitants.

"Backwater savages." he muttered. He then addressed the crowd.

"People of Berk! We have come for you land, and for the rule of all dragons! Comply, and you will live to see another winter! Refuse, and you will suffer before we take it from you! We know that your dragons cannot save you now! You have seven days to decide! Discuss your choice carefully, for it will make the difference between life and death!"

With that, he turned around and returned to the cabin. The other ships began to circle the island, creating a blockade that made it impossible to leave. Hiccup immediately held an emergency meeting in the great hall.

"What should we do?!"

"How can we give up our dragons?!"

"What if he still has the Bewilderbeast?!"

Hiccup couldn't get a single answer. He groaned.

"Snotlout, if you would?"

Snotlout nodded and gave Hookfang the signal to flame up and hush the crowd.

"Okay, now that everyone is silent, I can answer your questions. First off, we're not handing over the dragons because even if we do, they'll still kill us. Secondly, It's a fifty fifty as to whether or not Drago still controls the Bewilderbeast. Third, we're vikings! And vikings always go out with a bang, no matter what situation they're in!"

The villagers nodded in agreement.

"Now, are we gonna go out there and give them a run for their money? Or are we gonna just sit back and be executed?"

The villagers began to chant fight. Hiccup smiled. If his plan worked, it would be a win-win situation.

"Okay everyone, here's the plan!"

Hiccup began to outline his strategy to them. It was bold, stupid, reckless and crazy. Just the sort of plans that vikings tend to follow. Half the villagers began to collect as much Zippleback gas as possible, while the other half began to move the dragons, women, and children into the tunnels that the Whispering Deaths and the Screaming Death had made over a decade ago. They had been kept a secret to use as a fail safe. They got those mentioned above into the

lower tunnels, where only a level eight earthquake could harm them. They had reinforced the ceiling and walls with triangular structures of wood and metal. All this took four days, and in that time, Scauldy had managed to produce enough venom to cure three Whispering Deaths, a Volt Flyer, and a Timberjack. Hiccup continued trying to give it to Toothless, but he wouldn't take more than enough to live another day. Hiccup understood why. As the alpha dragon, Toothless had to look after all those in his care, even if it meant foregoing medicine.

"Hiccup, that same guy who spoke four days ago is waiting."

Hiccup grimaced and braced himself. He had hoped the Terrors would arrive back here with help by this point, but that was not the case. He would just have to hope that the soldiers didn't find the tunnel system. Hiccup walked to the town square, where the man once again was perched on the prow.

"Half your time is up! Our leader wishes to speak with you!"

Hiccup braced himself for Drago's rage, but to his surprise, it wasn't Drago. It was a woman, dressed entirely in black armor and a black cape. He couldn't see much of her face, but her eyes were dark, cold, calculating, and most of all, filled with a suppressed rage.

"I am the new leader of Drago's army! I have provided you with plentiful time to either accept the inevitable, or face death in battle! Your time is halfway done! A true leader would not forego the lives of those under his care!"

Hiccup became enraged by this.

"Drago was no leader! He was a conquerer! He led by brute force and fear! The very idea that Drago was a true leader makes me sick! And where is Drago? Did he fear the truth of facing me after my friend claimed the title of alpha dragon, or has he simply gone to hide from me?"

Hiccup knew that he had touched a nerve there. Perhaps this was Drago's daughter, or she simply worked for him. Either way, she held Drago in high regard.

"Drago is dead by your hand! He was taken by sickness after you landed him in the ocean! Your time runs short chief of Berk!" She said that last part like a taunt.

"Soon, you will choose the lives of your village, or keeping the dragons to yourself!"

With a swish of her cape, she departed, followed by the warrior who had spoken earlier. Hiccup shook his head. He went to see Gobber, who was looking better than ever. Hiccup guessed that for some odd reason, the Blue Oleander gas that had caused all the dragons to become sick had done the exact opposite for Gobber. He looked invigorated and ready to fight. Hiccup told him to help the vikings who were gather Zibbleback gas into barrels and other canisters and have them place them around the island. It was a fail safe, in case Hiccup and the warriors couldn't beat the army, Hiccup would light the fuse and blow the surface of the island to kingdom come. Hiccup

was beginning to wonder if that day would come. He walked to his old house and opened up a large case. Inside was the shield he had made all those years ago, when his father had grounded all dragons to keep them safe from Alvin's forces. After he built his sword, he had packed it away as a keepsake. But now, when you were going into the spinning turmoil of war, extra offence and defence was appreciated.

:\_Back to the southern isle:\_

The boy looked at the note Hiccup had sent him. If the island had been bombed with an organic toxin to dragons, that could only mean one thing. Invasion. Again the memory danced through his mind. His village burning, then being frozen. Armored dragons ripping warriors, children, animals and more to shreds, and that man. That single brute of a man. The boy clenched the note. This would not happen again. He had grown taller, stronger, smarter. And most of all, he had a duty to protect. Not just Godzilla, but others as well. He had learned that when Hiccup and his friends/family first came here.

He climbed back up into his treehouse and walked to a large case. Opening it, he removed a polished helm. It was a glossy, charcoal grey color. It was designed to shield most of one's face while not taking away from one's vision. Within the case was more armor, similar in color. A set of gold chainmail, grey Chestplate, greaves, gauntlets, etc. There was also a fine sword. Single edged, silver in color, wire wrapped hilt, and a finely crafted, wing shaped crossguard. He had originally decided to put these on display, even if he was the only one there. But now, it was time to dawn this armor. To go to war.

After several minutes of struggling, he had all his armor on. The sword was sheathed diagonally on his back. sheathed opposite to it was the hooked end of his staff. His wooden shield, with steel inlaid in a pattern of a frontal view of Godzilla's head with flames curling up from the sides of his mouth, was clutched in his left hand, while the right hand held the sword half of his staff. He stepped out and told Godzilla to stay near the island. Then, he asked Volt permission to climb on her back. He also asked her to keep the lightning bolts to zero. After everything had been established, he climbed onto Volt's back took off, the rest of the Skrills followed behind. Godzilla roared a goodbye, and waited till they were out of sight. He settled down to sleep and drifted out of the world of the awake.

It was several hours later, and Godzilla knew that something was amiss. Deep down, in his heart, Godzilla knew that his predecessors had each fought incredible foes, defending the earth from all threats. It was the destiny of his species. He knew that his first challenge was approaching. His instincts tugged at his mind, telling him to follow the human who had been with him since hatching. They had stood by each other for many years. Shared victories, built great things, befriended Volt, as the human had dubbed her. They were friends who would never leave another to fend for himself on the field of battle. And if there was one thing Godzilla knew that every member of his species knew, it was battle.

Godzilla lumbered towards the ocean. The trees just below his upper chest. He swiftly entered the water and began to carve his way through the water at forty five knots, three kilometers below the surface. His powerful tail pumping as he followed his friend towards

his foe. To the field of battle.

## 5. Chapter 4

To the common eye looking over the rail of a ship, they would assume that the lack of fish in the area was because of sharks. But the trained eye, a noting of the lack of shark fins on the surface would throw warning flags. Then there is the eye of those who put stock into old legends. Legends of the ancient sea serpent Gojira, who struck down the mightiest ships and the strongest of dragons. Most time, the believers are wrong, but not today. A large fishing boat had turned up with empty nets for the seventh time today, and things were getting heated on board.

"If we don't catch something edible soon, the town's gonna starve!"

"Don't look at me! I'm not scaring them off!"

This argument continued for several more moments before the oldest one there began to spin the tale of the mighty beast Gojira. How he rose to destroy the ships of the wicked, how he defeated other monsters in single combat, and how he was responsible for the shortage of fish. Naturally, the people appreciated the story, but dismissed it as just that. A story. However, all legends have a basis of fact. And mother nature was certainly living up to fact at the moment, for at the same time as the tale of the serpent was told, the great beast dubbed Godzilla by the boy who watched this magnificent beast grow up was swimming under the boat nearly two kilometers beneath the ship. He had indeed been sating his hunger, as the stone he used to satisfy half of his appetite was nearly a day and a half's swim back home. He finished his meal and continued onward, trusting his instincts to get him where he needed to go. His first challenge as the latest member of his species.

At around the same time, the boy who had lived with Godzilla was travelling with by dragonback to Berk. He had recieved a letter from Hiccup telling him of their plight, and had resolved to answer the call. He had a knot of dread in his stomach as he sat on the back of Volt: a Skrill who was one of the few creatures that didn't fear Godzilla on sight. To either side of them was Volt's family. Younger Skrills who were born around Godzilla. They were inexperienced in the world outside the island, as Volt rarely left the island and Godzilla's sphere of Protection. It had been the prefect place to raise them in peace, for dragons feared Godzilla with all their hearts. There had never been an explanation for this behaviour, other than his intimidating appearance, but Volt didn't seem to mind.

Back to the matter at hand, the boy had a gut feeling of who it may be. How doubted it, since they spent more time in the far nothern regions, but he still couldn't shake the feeling that the people who were attacking Berk were the same people who had destroyed his village all those years ago. The leader, who fought with a staff and lead armored dragons into combat. Burning flames, smoke filling the air. Then the cold. Ice everywhere, a chilly mist hovering in the air. He barely escaped with his life. But he saw one person approach them. Someone who sought to join them. In the village, they would have been branded as a coward. But in truth, he saw them going for power.

\_Power.\_ He mused.

\_Perhaps the most dangerous and corruptive thing in the world.\_

Then, he stiffened. The scent of smoke was on the wind. The wind was blowing from Berk.

"Hurry Volt. They need help."

At the moment, the warriors of Berk were putting up a decent fight. He fought the enemy with the sword and spear and the fist. Hiccup himself was cutting down the invading force that threatened his people with a chief's duty. He held his flaming sword in one hand and his Gronkle iron shield in the other. He spun around and launched a bola from the dome on the shield, bringing another invader down. He swung the blade in a looping blow, smoting another in the side.

"We need to hold out! Reinforcements are on their way!"

The battle for Berk had been raging for several hours now. Hiccup and the other warriors were dealing a heavy blow to the invading force, but they knew that they couldn't afford to drag the fight out for days.

On board the flagship, the leader of the invaders raged to herself. These barbaric savages were matching her forces in a stalemate. It was getting to be a real thorn in her side.

"Spin the ship so that the starboard side is facing the mainland!"

The crew rushed to obey her order. Soon the ship's starboard side was facing the island.

"Fire all starboard cannons! Destroy them all!"

One after another, the cannons fired their shots upon the battlefield. Hiccup watched as houses were obliterated, warriors were struck down, and the island bombarded with these weapons. But he had a feeling this wasn't the last of the invader's surprises. Indeed he was right.

"Even the cannons fail to give my forces ground! I have had it!"

She stormed to the prow of the ship, and bellowed with all her might. Hiccup felt his blood run cold as she bellowed. He knew what was coming. Sure enough, the head of the Bewilderbeast emerged from the water. Hiccup noticed something. The Bewilderbeast had a prosthetic tusk attached to the stub of the original one. It looked to be made of black steel. Hiccup knew that the fight was lost. The Bewilderbeast began to inhale for it's freezing breath. Berk was lost.

\_\*\*Crack-a-boooom!\*\*\_

Hiccup looked to see the Bewilderbeast, who had been rearing in it's hind legs to deliver the breath, had fallen down, and a trail of smoke was rising from it's head. Then he saw the reason.

A group of Whispering Deaths led by a massive, white Whispering Death with a more dragonesqe jaw had just flown into appearance, followed by a red and black Nadder, a Rumblehorn, and a massive troupe of Scauldrons. Off in the distance, Hiccup could just make out the outline of three more dragons on the way. Reinforcements had arrived.

"What took you so long?" Hiccup called as Alvin the Treacherous leapt from the Screaming Death's head onto the ground.

"Well I 'ad to find them didn't I?" Was Alvin's reply. Hiccup noted dryly that Alvin was quite a lot more wrinkled and grey haired than the last time they met. He just hoped it didn't impede his combat prowess. Indeed it did not, as Alvin drew twin blades from his belt and began to cut down invaders left and right. The Whispering Deaths began to sink ships left and right, but were being caught in bolas from the ships. The Berkians freed their reptillian allies when possible, but were preoccupied with the fight. The Screaming Death had taken the fight Directly to the Bewilderbeast, and was launching salvo after salvo of fireballs. It proved to be far mor difficult to beat than anticipated. The leader was spluttering with rage.

"What is that abomination?! It is like no dragon I've seen!"

Indeed, the Screaming Death was laying some serious hurt on the Bewilderbeast. The fact that it could fly and hand more options for ranged offensives made for a massive advantage. When it's shot limit needed to recharge, it would simply fly around and shoot it's spikes at it. Hiccup rolled to avoid being cleaved in two by and axe and slashed the man from his shoulder to his hip. He noticed the Nadder dropping down and spewing fire around him for a perimeter. He looked up to see Heather in the saddle, dressed in chainmail armor.

"Got your own dragon then?"

"Yep! His name's Whiplash!"

Hiccup blocked and mace and stabbed in retaliation.

"Good name! Now if you'll excuse me!"

He morphed his shield into bow mode and fired several arrows at the soldiers on the ships. He saw the Rumblehorn dive in and Eret leapt lightly onto the ground, drawing a sword.

"How's Skull Crusher?"

Eret dodged an axe and stabbed back.

"Happy as ever, especially now that he's back!"

By this point, the three dragons that Hiccup had seen earlier had joined the fight. They were Skrills, and they were angry. Hiccup saw the boy from the island leap off the largest one's back and into the battle. His single edged blade created a fine red mist around the boy as he whirled through the ranks, cutting down every warrior foolish enough to come with reach of his blade. He turned to see a warrior with a war hammer bearing down on him. The man brought the hammer down for a crushing blow side stepped, sliced the shaft of the weapon

in half, then stabbed him neatly between the eyes.

"Well, this certainly is something isn't it!"

Hiccup and the boy stood back to back, slicing through the army.

"No supersized lizard?"

"I left him home! I can't afford to put him in this situation right now!"

Then the boy turned his gaze to the ships. Hiccup saw the fires of rage spark in his eyes.

"You.." He said with a hate like no other. He dashed towards the flagship, using every skill he had acquired and honed on that secluded island to reach the ship. Once on board, he proceeded to cut down every single warrior that stood in his way. At the end of this day, even if he died, he would take a traitor with him.

The leader turned to the sounds of the crew screaming. She saw a blur of motion as man after man fell before a primitive blade. The last warrior besides her personal guard fell before him as he used his shield to cut their throat. She saw a boy, hardly over twenty one. Young in the eyes of many. But she saw something else. Something... familiar.

Then it struck.

"You were from my old village! I remember you running around, helping with errands! I thought everyone from that backwater block of ice died!"

The boy clearly recognized her too, and she could see that he was very angry.

"You joined these people?! For what, power?! That lunatic slaughtered us all on a whim!"

Now she was ticked too.

"He saw potential I saw! No one else believed in a higher level of control to be gained! I saw it though, and now I am the leader! The last one died because of this village, and I am here to avenge him!"

"That monster killed your friends! Neighbours! FAMILY! We both lost everything that day! Now you continue his work?! You are even more of a monster than him!"

With that, the two armorclad warriors charged at each other. Hiccup saw the furious struggle on the ship as the two swords clashed together.

\_Slash, stab, crosscut, thrust, parry, counter, low sweep, hammer strike, guard, shield check, forehand cut.\_

The two weapons whirled through the air as if they were their own beings. Again and again the swords struck, creating sparks upon impact. Then the invader decided to play dirty. She bellowed and

pointed her sword and him, signalling for the Bewilderbeast to attack via ice. The boy dodged to the side, but his leg was still frozen. He skidded to a halt inches from the cold sea. Hiccup suddenly knew what was about to happen. He sprinted for the ship, hoping to reach it in time.

\_Hold on, hold on!\_

Hiccup prayed that he got there in time. He begged the gods to give the boy a chance to fight on. He reached the deck. The girl who commanded the fleet gave him a cold look.

"Too late."

She had spun a heavy length of chain attached to a spiked ball around his arm. His shield lay off to one side. She through the chain overboard and kicked the boy over with it.

"NO!"

The boy disappeared beneath the waves. The girl looked over the railing and snorted with satisfaction when a few bubbles rose to the surface, indicating that he was not coming up.

"You monster!"

Hiccup charged forward, new rage awakened. His sword came at her in many directions at ridiculous speeds, but she still could keep pace with him. She swung her foot around and knocked out his feet from beneath him. She brought her sword to rest on his chin.

"Now, your people will suffer the loss of another chief."

She raised the sword, ready to deal the final blow, when one of the smaller Skrills shot past and blasted the deck beside her. She rolled away, getting ready to fight, but the Skrill merely snatched Hiccup in it's talons and flew towards the secluded beach. A Terrible terror shot past, snatching up the shield as it went. She watched them go.

"Just you wait, Dragon Master. I'll soon have you at my mercy."

As it turned out, the Scauldrons had gone immediately into the cave to begin curing the afflicted dragons by draining their venom into buckets. Valka was watching over Toothless and Cloudjumper, who were starting to fade. Cloudjumper's loyalty to Toothless had driven it to only take the same dose that Toothless took. If they were to die, Cloudjumper would die as a loyal subject of the Alpha. Toothless looked up weakly to see the dragons were all recovering quickly. Scauldy flapped over and peered into Toothless' eyes. He snorted and dragged a bucket over Beside Toothless. When Toothless tried to push it away, Scauldy snarled at him. Toothless was too weak to assert his role as Alpha, so he let Valka administer the antidote to him and Cloudjumper. It worked like a miracle. Toothless stood up and roared his challenge. But he sensed something else coming. Something with it's own challenge.

Toothless remember a myth among dragons. A myth about an ancient beast that was said to be as tall as a mountain and as strong as the sea. A very distant relative of the first dragons. The species had

survived to the present day by hibernating on the ocean floor, only surfacing to defend it's territory, reproduce, or take on the challenges that no one else could. Toothless had originally dismissed these as mere myths. Until five years ago that is, when him and the other dragons and riders flew to that southern island and met the creature face to face. It was young, that much was apparent, but it was already taller than a large hill. It's fire burned with a power that had not been seen on the planet for billions of years. And now, it was coming. No, it was already here. And it had come to finish what Toothless had started.

"Toothless! My gods I'm glad your okay!"

Toothless looked to see Hiccup running towards him. He warbled his response and looked at the dragons under his care. He roared to all of them and told them of what was coming. Hiccup watched patiently, assuming that Toothless was giving the dragons version of a speech. Valka noticed that Hiccup seemed deeply distressed about something.

"Something happened up there. Did Gobber get killed? Or Snotlout? Or Tuffnut, or Fishlegs?"

Hiccup shook his head.

"That boy from that island five years ago showed up with those Skrills again. He helped defeat most of the army before making his way onto the flagship. He fought the leader, and looked to be about to beat them, when they decided to play dirty..."

Hiccup told her of what happened and she stared in shock. She had fought this boy five years ago, as had Hiccup, and they hadn't come close to beating him. The boy was wickedly fast, monstrously strong, and was a quick thinker. For him to be beaten was a shock indeed.

"Well, at least we can make sure he didn't die in vain. The dragons are cured, so we can fight back with everything we've got!"

However, Toothless was acting strange. He seemed scared of something. Then Hiccup realized that Water was starting to rise into the cave.

"Everyone, get onto a dragon and get out of here!"

Hiccup was right. The sea level was rising. It was dusk now and the battle still raged on. Hiccup saw Gobber and the other men he had grown up with surrounded by invaders. Their dragons swooped down and flipped them into their saddles. Except for Grump, who simply knocked them all out and waited for Gobber to haul himself aboard.

Fishlegs pointed to the sea.

"Hiccup! There's a massive buldge there!"

Fishlegs was right. And Hiccup knew why before it happened. Erupting from the ocean, Godzilla snorted and bellowed at the Bewilderbeast, who was still busy with the Screaming Death. Godzilla was now an easy 90 meters tall and solid muscle. The Screaming Death flew away so that this new challenger could fight. Hiccup noticed something. The

boy was standing on Godzilla's head! Hiccup maneuvered Toothless in to confirm this. Indeed that was the case! He had an ornate, single edged blade in one hand, and the hooked end of his staff in the other.

"How are you still alive!?"

The boy grinned maniacally under his helm.

"After she dumped me in the ocean, Godzilla swam up and dragged me around the island and hid in a cavern under! I had lost consciousness, and it took a while for me to wake up. After I did, I took a deep breath and held on to one of his dorsal spikes with my hook. He can swim wickedly fast when he needs to, but it almost ripped my arm out of its socket!"

The Terror had given Hiccup the shield earlier, and Hiccup had it in his hand.

"Here, you may need this!"

He tossed the shield to the boy, who caught it and slipped it on his arm. He slid the hook back into its sheath on his back.

"Now it's time to fight!"

Godzilla began to stomp his way towards the Bewilderbeast, who had reared up on its hind legs to deliver a headbutt. Godzilla would have none of it though and swung around, smashing it in the side with his club like tail. The boy leapt off and landed on the back of Volt, who had been waiting for this. The Bewilderbeast collapsed on its side, roaring in pain. Godzilla bellowed his first victory, but hardly his last.

The Bewilderbeast decided to change tactics. It went in low for a stab with its tusks. It was taller than Godzilla when standing upright, but on all fours, it was easily smaller. Godzilla reached out with his claws and grabbed the tusks. Fishlegs was staring in awe and horror at the grey goliath as he fought the Bewilderbeast. Godzilla and the Bewilderbeast were now trying to shove each other backward. Then, Godzilla twisted sideways, throwing the Bewilderbeast on its side.

Another victory roar. Another change of tactic. The Bewilderbeast unleashed a blast of ice upon the water surrounding Godzilla, effectively trapping him. Godzilla roared in surprise and began trying to pull himself loose. The Bewilderbeast instead, encased him in more ice. Godzilla's roars were becoming frantic. The Bewilderbeast reared back for the finishing blow, but was interrupted.

The Bewilderbeast had forgotten to freeze Godzilla's tail, which was one of his most deadly weapons. He swung it down at the ice, shattering it like a pane of glass. A few quick shakes, and he was free. Godzilla knelt down, and headbutted the Bewilderbeast right in the stomach, winding it. The invader's leader stared in horror as the Bewilderbeast dealt blow after punishing blow. She heard the thud of armored boots striking the deck of her ship. She turned to face the boy once more, his grey sword glinting in the sunlight. It was the same shade of grey as Godzilla's hide.

Once more, these two warriors duelled. Their weapons sparked and clanged. But it was becoming increasingly obvious who the victor would be. Their swords locked at the hilt, the boy delivered a powerful kick to her chest, winding her as Godzilla had winded the Bewilderbeast. She coughed and hauled herself to her feet, only to be greeted by his sword pressed against her neck. In the meantime, Godzilla's spines were beginning to glow an electric blue. Hiccup realized what was coming short seconds before it came. A stream of blue fire shot forth from Godzilla's maw, blasting the Bewilderbeast in the chest. It roared in pain, but that was nothing compared to what happened next.

Godzilla lumbered forward and seized the metal tusk firmly in his claws. He tore it off, and drove it through the neck of the Bewilderbeast, causing it to release a shriek that would make anyone want to keel over and die. As the Bewilderbeast's screams died, Godzilla roared in victory. He then turned and lumbered back into the ocean.

"Looks like your on you own." The boy snarled. The leader however, had no intention of losing yet. She kicked him back and grabbed her sword to finish him off. Volt however, snatched him from the ship, and Godzilla, who had sensed the danger to his friend, let fly with another blast of his fire. The leader jumped clear to another ship, just as the one she had been on exploded. Satisfied it wasn't a threat no longer, Godzilla dove, ready to go home.

"What in the name of sweet baby Thor was that?!" Fishlegs whimpered. Hiccup watched as Volt, the other Skrills, and the boy followed the colossal beast south.

"That was Godzilla. King of Monsters."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>For those of you concerned that the series is over, do not despair! There will be new foes, new challenges, and possibly some new dragons and Kaiju! And if I get creative enough, we may explore the link Godzilla has to dragons, or vice versa. Mysterious...<strong>\_

End  
file.